ELOISA

TO

ABELARD.

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS;

Two admirable

POEMS:

Extracted out of the celebrated LETTERS of

ABELARD and *ELOISA*.

Two of the moſt remarkable Perſons of their Time,

For LEARNING, WIT, and GENIUS.

One Written by Mr. *POPE*.

The other, in Anſwer to it

By LADY M———.

With a PREFACE, giving a ſhort Account of their perſonal Characters, *&c.*

To which is added, A LETTER from

Fair *ROSAMOND* to K. *HENRY* II.

Omnia vincit Amor.

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To the READERS.

THO' the hiſtory of thoſe two celebrated lovers are well known in the world, yet I conceive it will not be amiſs to give you a ſhort ſketch of their perſonal characters, *&c.* They were both natives of *France*, and were reckon'd two of the moſt diſtinguiſh'd perſons of their time, for learning, wit and genius, and whoſe letters, 'tis allow'd by the beſt judges, were written with the greateſt paſſion of any yet extant, every where full of the ſentiments of the heart, not to be imitated in feigned ſtory. *Abelard*, beſide his common merits as a ſcholar, had all the accompliſhments of a fine gentleman, with a graceful preſence, ſolid judgment, and a greatneſs of mind. His converſation was ſweet, complaiſant and eaſy; it ſeem'd as if nature had deſign'd him for a more elevated employment than that of teaching the ſciences, in which too he was reputed the greateſt proficient of his time, being then about twenty-eight years of age. But yet he was not without human frailties, and all his philoſophy could not defend him againſt the attacks of love. *Eloiſa*, into whoſe company he was introduced by her uncle, under the denomination of a tutor, was a very engaging woman; her perſon well proportioned, her features regular, her eyes ſparkling, and her aſpect ſweet and agreeable, with a ſurpriſing quickneſs of wit, joined with a tolerable ſhare of learning. Beſide thoſe accompliſhments, there was ſomething ſo ſweet and moving in her behaviour, 'twas

impossible for any one who kept her company, not to be in love with her.

'Tis not hard to imagine, but the so frequent conversation of those two delicate persons, soon rais'd in their breasts a desire for something more pleasing than the bare enquiry after learning. Too true——Their time was now more taken up in affairs of love, than in that of study, and they much oftener indulged their mutual passions in soft caresses, than in lectures of philosophy. This they enjoyed for several months with the greatest endearment. But their fond caresses at length produced something which could no longer be conceal'd, and her uncle perceiv'd the snake in the grass. *Abelard* offered honourably to marry her, but she for some time urged reasons to the contrary. Yet, tho' they were at last privately married, this did not appease her uncle's rage, who, quickly after, by the assistance of two assassins, poured out all his revenge upon *Abelard*, depriving him of the means * of carrying on their unhappy passion.

* His Manhood.

The ARGUMENT.

ABELARD *and* ELOISA *flourish'd in the twelfth century: they were two of the most distinguish'd persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. 'Twas many years after this separation, that a letter of* ABELARD'S *to a friend, which contain'd the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of* ELOISA. *This awakening all her tenderness, occasion'd those celebrated letters, out of which the following is partly extracted, which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.*

ELOISA
TO
ABELARD.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!——From *Abelard* it came,
And *Eloisa* yet must kiss the name.
Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd;
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not, my hand——the name appears
Already written—wash it out my tears!
In vain lost *Eloisa* weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates what her hand obeys.

Relentleſs walls! whoſe darkſome round contains
Repentant ſighs, and voluntary pains;
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns, ſhagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and ſilent grown,
I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone.
Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor faſts its ſtubborn pulſe reſtrain,
Nor tears, for ages, taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclofe,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear.
I tremble too where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows cloſe behind.
Line after line my guſhing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a ſad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in thy bloom,
Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
There ſtern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There dy'd the beſt of paſſions, love and fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and eccho ſighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my *Abelard* leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in pray'r;
No happier taſk theſe fading eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
Ah, more than ſhare it! give me all thy grief.
Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires,

The

The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart;
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from *Indus* to the *Pole*.
Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelick kind,
Some Emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd, heav'n listen'd while you sung;
And truths * divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.
How oft', when prest to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made?
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous God, when we prophane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all,
Not *Cæsar*'s empress wou'd I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love;
If there be yet another name, more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!

* *He was her Preceptor in Philosophy and Divinity.*

Oh happy ſtate! when ſouls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law:
All then is full, poſſeſſing, and poſſeſs'd,
No craving void left aking in the breaſt:
Ev'n thought meets thought, e'er from the lips it part,
And each warm wiſh ſprings mutual from the heart.
This ſure is bliſs (if bliſs on earth there be)
And once the lot of *Abelard* and me.
Alas how chang'd! what ſudden horrors riſe!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was *Eloiſe*? her voice, her hand,
Her ponyard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian ſtay! that bloody ſtroke reſtrain,
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by ſhame, by rage ſuppreſs'd,
Let tears, and burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.
Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
When victims at yon' altar's foot we lay?
Canſt thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
The ſhrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n ſcarce believ'd the conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And ſaints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
Not on the croſs my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Thoſe ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
Still on that breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſs'd;
Give all thou canſt——and let me dream the reſt.
Ah no! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes.
Full in my view ſet all the bright abode,
And make my ſoul quit *Abelard* for God.

Ah

Ah think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the falſe world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deſerts led.
You * rais'd theſe hallow'd walls; the deſert ſmil'd,
And Providence was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores,
Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No ſilver ſaints, by dying miſers given,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
But ſuch plain roofs as piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the maker's praiſe.
In theſe lone walls (their days eternal bound)
Theſe moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank ſadneſs, or continual tears.
See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
(Oh pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why ſhould I on others pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, huſband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter move,
And, all thoſe tender names in one, thy love!
The darkſome pines that o'er yon' rocks reclin'd,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring ſtreams that ſhine between the hills,
The grots that eccho to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to reſt the viſionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves, and duſky caves,
Long-ſounding iſles, and intermingled graves,

Black

* *He founded the Monaſtery.*

Black melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe:
Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the laſting chain;
And here ev'n then, ſhall my cold duſt remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.
Ah wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man.
Aſſiſt me heav'n! but whence aroſe that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleaſures, and ſolicit new;
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my paſt offence,
Now think of thee, and curſe my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the ſin, yet keep the ſenſe,
And love th' offender, yet deteſt th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh penitence from love!
Unequal taſk! a paſſion to reſign,
For hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine.
E'er ſuch a ſoul regains its peaceful ſtate,
How often muſt it love, how often hate!
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain — do all things but forget.
But let heav'n ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,
Not touch'd, but rapt; not weaken'd, but inſpir'd!

Oh

Oh come! oh teach me nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myſelf——and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone, can rival, can ſucced to thee.
  How happy is the blameleſs veſtal's lot?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal ſun-ſhine of the ſpotleſs mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd;
Labour and reſt, that equal periods keep;
Obedient ſlumbers, that can wake and weep;
Deſires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waſt to heav'n.
Graces ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her the ſpouſe prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins *Hymenæals* ſing;
For her th' unfading roſe of *Eden* blooms,
And wings of ſeraphs ſhed divine perfumes:
To ſounds of heav'nly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.
  Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
For other raptures, of unholy joy:
When at the cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing day,
Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.
O curſt, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking dæmons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me ev'ry ſource of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.
I wake:——no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud! it hears not what I ſay;
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes;
Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceits, ariſe!

Alas,

Alas, no more!——methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps,
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long, dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, e'er winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heav'n.
Come *Abelard!* for what has thou to dread?
The torch of *Venus* burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold——yet *Eloisa loves.*
Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
What scenes appear, where-e'er I turn my view,
The dear Ideas where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the Mattin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me;
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.
While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye;

While praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my ſoul:
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to heav'n; diſpute my heart;
Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding eyes
Blot out each bright Idea of the ſkies:
Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows, and thoſe tears;
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt abode;
Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me! far as Pole from Pole;
Riſe *Alps* between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O grace ſerene! oh virtue, heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh blooming hope, gay daughter of the ſky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable gueſt;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal reſt!
See in her cell ſad *Eloiſa* ſpread,
Propt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead!
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than ecchoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound.
'Come, ſiſter, come! (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
'Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away!
'Once like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
'Love's victim then, tho' now a ſainted maid:
'But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
'Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep;
'Ev'n ſuperſtition loſes ev'ry fear:
'For God, not man, abſolves our frailties here.'

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow;
Thou, *Abelard!* the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah no——in sacred vestment may'st thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand;
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once lov'd *Eloisa* see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
'Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath, be o'er;
And ev'n my *Abelard* belov'd no more.
O death all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round;
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May † one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To *Paraclete*'s white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;

Then,

† *Abelard* and *Eloisa* were interr'd in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the monastery of the *Paraclete*: He died in the year 1142, she in 1164.

Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,
" Oh may we never love as theſe have lov'd!"
From the full choir when loud *Hoſanna's* riſe,
And ſwell the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,
Amid that ſcene, if ſome relenting eye
Glance on the ſtone where our cold relicks lie,
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear ſhall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And ſure, if fate ſome future bard ſhall join
In ſad ſimilitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in abſence to deplore,
And image charms he muſt behold no more:
Such if there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well;
Let him our ſad, our tender ſtory tell:
The well ſung woes will ſooth my penſive ghoſt;
He beſt can paint 'em, who ſhall feel 'em moſt.

ODE on SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixt, sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ABELARD

ABELARD to ELOISA.

A

POEM.

By ~~LADY M.~~ Mr Wm Paddison

1728

In ANSWER to that wrote by

Mr. POPE.

IN my dark cell, low, proſtrate on the ground,
Mourning my crimes, thy letter entrance found;
Too ſoon my ſoul the well-known name confeſt;
My beating heart ſprung fiercely in my breaſt:
Thro' my whole frame a guilty tranſport glow'd,
And ſtreaming torrents from my eyes faſt flow'd.
O *Eloiſa!* art thou ſtill the ſame?
Doſt thou ſtill nouriſh that deſtructive flame?
Have not the gentle rules of peace and heav'n,
From thy ſoft ſoul that fatal paſſion driv'n?
Alas! I thought you diſengag'd, and free;
And can you ſtill, ſtill ſigh and weep for me?

What

What pow'rful deity, what hallow'd ſhrine,
Can ſave me from a love and faith, like thine?
Where ſhall I fly, when not this awful cave,
Whoſe rugged feet the ſurging billows lave;
When my dread vows in vain their force oppoſe,
Oppos'd to love—alas! how vain are vows!
In fruitleſs penitence I wear away
Each tedious night, and ſad revolving day:
I faſt, I pray; and with deceitful art,
Veil thy dear image in my broken heart:
My tortur'd ſoul conflicting paſſions move,
I hope, deſpair, repent——yet ſtill I love.
A thouſand jarring thoughts my boſom tear,
For thou, not God, O *Eloiſ'* art there.
To the falſe world's deluding pleaſure dead,
Nor longer by its wand'ring fires miſled,
In learn'd diſputes harſh precepts I infuſe,
And give the counſel I want power to uſe:
The rigid maxims of the grave and wiſe,
Have quench'd each milder ſparkle of my eyes;
Each roſy feature of this once lov'd face,
By grief revers'd, aſſumes a ſterner grace.
O *Eloiſa!* ſhould the fates once more,
Indulgent to my views, thy charms reſtore!
How, from my arms, wouldſt thou with horror ſtart,
To miſs the form familiar to thy heart!
Nought could thy quick, thy piercing judgment ſee,
To ſpeak me *Abelard*——but love to thee.
Lean abſtinence, pale grief, and haggard care,
(The due attendants of forlorn deſpair)
Here *Abelard* the young, the gay, remov'd,
And in the hermit ſunk the man you lov'd:
Wrapt in the gloom theſe holy manſions ſpread,
The thorny paths of penitence I tread;
Loſt to the world, from all its int'reſts free,
And torn from all my ſoul held dear in thee.
Ambition's with its train of frailties gone,
All love, all forms forgot, but thine alone.

Amid the blaze of day, the dusk of night,
My *Eloisa* riseth to my sight:
Veil'd, as in *Paraclete*'s secluded towers,
The wretched mourner counts the lagging hours,
I hear the sighs, see the sweet falling tears,
Weep all her griefs, and pant with all her cares.
O vows, O convent, your stern force impart,
And frown the melting phantom from my heart;
Let others sighs a worthier sorrow show;
Let other tears, for sin, repentance flow:
Low to the earth my guilty eyes I roll,
And humble to the dust my heaving soul.
Forgiving pow'r! thy gracious call I meet,
Who first impow'r'd this rebel heart to beat;
Who thro' this trembling, this offending frame,
For noble ends infus'd life's active flame:
O change the temper of this labouring breast,
And form anew each beating pulse to rest;
Let springing grace, fair faith, and hope remove
The fatal traces of destructive love:
Destructive love, from its warm mansion tear,
And leave no tracts of *Eloisa* there.
Are these the wishes of my inmost soul?
Would I its softest tenderest sense controul?
Would I this touch'd, this glowing heart refine,
To the cold substance of that marble shrine;
Transform'd like these pale swarms that round me move
Of blest insensibles——that know not love?
Ah! rather let me keep this hapless frame;
Adieu, false honour's unavailing fame:
Not your harsh rules, but tenderest love supplies
The streams that gush from my despairing eyes:
I feel the traitor melt about my heart,
And thro' my veins a treach'rous influence dart;
Inspire me, heav'n, assist me grace divine,
Aid me you saints, unknown to crimes like mine;
You who on earth severe, all grief could prove,
All but the tort'ring pangs of hopeless love:

A holier

A holier rage in your pure bosoms dwelt,
Nor can you pity what you never felt.
The hand that heals must feel what I endure,
A sympathizing grief alone can cure:
Thou *Eloisa*' alone must give me ease,
And bid my struggling soul subside to peace;
Restore me to my long-lost heav'n of rest,
And take thyself from my reluctant breast.
If crimes like mine could an allay receive,
That blest allay thy wond'rous charms must give:
Thy form, that first to love my heart inclin'd,
Still wanders in my lost, my guilty mind:
I saw thee as the new-born blossoms fair,
Sprightly as light, more soft than summers air;
Bright as their beams thy eyes a mind disclose,
While on thy lips gay blush'd the fragrant rose:
Wit, youth, and love, in each bright feature shone,
Press'd by my fate, I gaz'd—and was undone.
There dy'd the gen'rous fire, whose vig'rous flame
Enlarg'd my soul, and urg'd me on to fame;
Nor fame, nor wealth, my soften'd heart could move,
Dull and insensible to all but love;
Snatch'd from myself, my learning tasteless grew,
Vain my philosophy oppos'd to you.
A train of woes succeed, nor should we mourn
The hour which cannot, ought not to return.
As once to love I sway'd your yielding mind,
Too fond, alas!—too fatally inclin'd;
If not to heav'n you feel your bosom rise,
Nor tears refin'd, fall contrite from your eyes;
If still your heart its wonted passions move,
If still (to speak all pains in one) you love,
Deaf to the weak essays of human breath,
Attend the stronger eloquence of death.
When that kind pow'r this captive soul shall free
(Which only then can cease to doat on thee)
When gently sunk to my eternal sleep,
The *Paraclete* my peaceful urn shall keep,

Then *Eloiſa*, then your lover view,
See his quench'd eyes no longer doat on you;
From their dead orbs the tender utt'rance flown,
Which firſt to thine my heart's ſoft tale made known;
This breaſt no more (at length to eaſe conſign'd)
Pants like the waving aſpin in the wind;
See all my wild tumultuous paſſions o'er,
And then (amaſing change!) belov'd no more.
Behold the diſtant end of human love;
But let the ſight your zeal alone improve:
Let not your conſcious ſoul, to ſorrow mov'd,
Recall how much, how tenderly I lov'd;
With pious care your fruitleſs grief reſtrain;
Nor let a tear your ſacred veil prophane;
Nor ev'n a ſigh on my cold urn beſtow,
But let your breaſt with unborn paſſions glow;
Let love divine frail mortal love dethrone,
And to your mind immortal joys make known.
To virtue now let me your heart inſpire,
And fan with zeal divine the heav'nly fire;
Teach you to injur'd heav'n, all chang'd, to turn,
And bid your ſoul with ſacred raptures burn.
O that my own example might impart
This noble warmth to your ſoft trembling heart;
That mine with pious undiſſembling care,
Might aid the latent virtue ſtruggling there.
Alas I rave! nor grace, nor zeal divine,
Burns in a heart oppreſs'd with grief like mine.
Too ſure I feel, while I the torture prove
Of feeble piety, conflicting love,
On black deſpair my forc'd devotion built,
Abſence, to me, has ſharper pangs than guilt.
Yet—yet, my *Eloiſ'* thy charms I view,
But yet my ſighs, my tears pour forth for you;
Each weak reſiſtance ſtronger knits my chain,
I ſigh, weep, love, deſpair—and all in vain.
Haſte, *Eloiſa*, haſte, your lover free,
Amid your warmer pray'rs, O think on me;

Wing with your rising zeal, my grov'ling mind,
And let me mine with your repentance find:
O labour, strive your love, yourself controul,
The change will sure affect my kindred soul;
In blest content our purer sighs shall breathe,
And heav'n shall all our other crimes forgive.
But if unhappy, wretched, lost in vain,
Faintly th' unhappy combat you sustain,
Let heav'n relenting strike your ravish'd view,
And still the bright, the blest pursuit renew;
So with your crimes, shall your misfortunes cease,
And your rack'd soul be calmly hush'd to peace.

A Diſſuaſive from MARRIAGE.

To CHLOE.

MAY all be huſh'd, each ruder paſſion ceaſe,
Within my *Chloe*'s breaſt may all be peace;
May the fair nymph my am'rous lines approve,
And ſay, with me, wedlock's the bane of love.
Marriage but palls our joys, creating ſtrife,
And anxious cares, and all the woes of life;
A trick invented by ſome rigid prieſt,
To plague our lives, and cheat us of our reſt.
O may my *Chloe* love, and love for life;
Yet never be that hated thing, a wife:
So ſhall my charmer ſtill freſh bliſs impart,
Kindle new flames, and ſtill poſſeſs my heart.
While o'er thy ſnowy breaſt I panting lye,
In melting tranſport, and diſſolving joy;
With heat and vigour I embrace my fair,
And in extatic raptures breathe *my dear*.
Form'd for my bliſs, urge not to give me pain,
Nor gall thy lover with the marriage chain.
The wretch of *Hymen* fond, muſt undergo,
For one ſweet moon, ſucceſſive years of woe;
To him the choiceſt joys inſipid prove,
And duty is the drudgery of love.
Obſerve the wedded ſtate, each fetter'd pair,
Their joys recount, and miſeries compare:
Was ever man ſo loving to his wife,
But wiſh'd the fates to cut her thread of life?
Was ever woman to her lord ſo kind,
That has not pray'd to ſee him ſafe enſhrin'd?
They often death invoke to ſet 'em free,
So fond are *Adam*'s race of liberty.

The sweets of love, which we by stealth possess,
Impart fierce raptures, and transcendent bliss;
Such sweets in *Chloe*'s arms I oft have known;
Then why will *Chloe* beg to be undone?
The court and cottage both this truth will prove,
Wedlock is no security for love.
My lord but marries to keep up his name;
My lady burns with an unlawful flame:
My lord for change, to publick stews repairs;
His lordship's coachman gets his lordship heirs.
But marriage is an honourable state;
And heav'n to every husband sends a mate.
So pedant gown-men teach, yet even they,
In love's delightful maze are prone to stray:
Each in his flock will hug the willing dame,
And ev'ry parish feels the sacred flame.
An holy church *Celibacy* reveres,
Her priests renounce the matrimonial cares;
The sacred tribe aver that ill, a wife,
Is inconsistent with religious life;
And yet they all the force of love declare,
And ev'ry *Girrard* has his saint *Cadiere*;
Where-ever priests have pray'd, love takes his rout,
And *Popes* have tasted the forbidden fruit;
With trembling knees unto his altar come,
His grace of ****** and holiness of *Rome*.
Who has not heard of ELOISA's name,
What nymph but pities AB'LARD's grief and shame.
The chastest wife, who reads the story o'er,
As told by *Pope*, will ABELARD deplore:
She'll curse the barb'rous hand that durst destroy
The holy root of ELOISA's joy.
Does *Chloe* think I shall more constant prove,
If ty'd in *Wedlock*, and more truly love?
My love's so great no language can express,
I cannot love her more, I will not love her less:
And that my passion may remain for life,
I'll call her still *my dear*, but ne'er *my wife*.

A LETTER * from FAIR ROSAMOND, while in *Woodstock-Bower*, to King HENRY II.

READ o'er these lines, the records of my shame,
If thou can'st suffer yet my hateful name;
Clean as this spotless page, 'till stain'd by me,
Such was my conscience, 'till seduc'd by thee:
Chaste were my thoughts, and all serene within,
'Till mark'd by thee with characters of sin.
Had some successful lover, in the prime
Of equal years, betray'd me to a crime,
Resistless love had been my best defence,
And gain'd compassion for the soft offence:
But while thy wither'd age had no such charms,
To tempt a blooming virgin to thy arms,
I'm justly thought a prostitute for gold,
A mercenary thing, to sordid int'rest sold.
Be curs'd that female fiend, whose practis'd art,
With wanton tales seduc'd my guiltless heart:

Let

* The letter from which this is extracted, was wrote by *Fair Rosamond* in *Woodstock-bower*, to King *Henry*, while he was pursuing the wars in *Italy*. She discovers all the terrors of a troubled mind, and, conscious of her own guilt, imagined she saw the angry queen in a vision, with a bowl of poison in her hand, which soon after too fatally happened; for before the king's return, the queen found means, either by bribing the keeper of the bower, or by treacherously murdering him, to get the clew of thread which guided to *Rosamond*'s apartment in the midst of the bower, where she executed her revengeful design, either by poison or with a dagger, 'tis not certainly

Let her with endless infamy be curs'd;
Of all the agents hell employs, the worst:
Perdition to herself the wretch insur'd,
When she my youthful modesty allur'd:
Oh, fatal day! when to my virtue's wrong,
I fondly listen'd to her flatt'ring tongue!
But, oh! more fatal moment, when she gain'd
That vile consent which all my virtue stain'd!
Yet heav'n can tell, with what extreme regret
The fury of thy lawless flames I met;
For, unexperienc'd in the ways of sin,
A conscious honour struggled still within.
Oh, could I! but the ill-tim'd wish is vain,
Could I my former innocence regain,
Thy proffer'd kingdom, *Henry*, were a prize,
Which, balanc'd with that wealth, I should despise.
But I no more my sex's pride can boast:
Alas! what has one moment's madness cost!
Not *Woodstock*'s charming bow'rs can ease my grief;
For I must fly myself to find relief:
Oft, while the sun in length'ning shades declines,
And thro' the waving trees more mildly shines;
Alone thro' all the beauteous walks I rove,
And hope the sweets of solitude to prove:
But at my sight, each verdant prospect wears
A gloomy view, and ev'ry plant appears
To bend its tops, o'ercharg'd with dewy tears;
Methinks each painted blossom hangs its head,
Avoids my touch, and withers where I tread.
If angling near a chrystal brook I stand,
And with deluding skill the bait command;
The cautious fish that fly the snare, upbraid
My heedless youth, more easily betray'd.
Amidst the garden, wrought by curious hands,
A noble statue of *Diana* stands;
Naked she stands, with just proportions grac'd,
And bathing in a silver fountain plac'd:

When

When near the flow'ry borders I advance,
At me ſhe ſeems to dart an angry glance:
What ſcenes, alas, can pleaſe a guilty mind!
What joy can I in theſe receſſes find,
For lawleſs and forbidden love deſign'd!
In ſome obſcure and melancholy cell,
Rather a weeping penitent I'd dwell,
Than here a glorious proſtitute remain,
To all my ſex's modeſty a ſtain.
This ſtately lab'rinth, rais'd with vaſt expence,
Diſplays my ſhame, in its magnificence:
As through the ſtately rooms I lately walk'd,
And with my woman of its paintings talk'd,
She ſpy'd the draught of *Tarquin*'s wanton flame,
And, heedleſs, aſk'd the injur'd beauty's name:
This (I reply'd) is that illuſtrious dame——
Renown'd for chaſtity, I ſhould have ſaid;
But here, a riſing bluſh my face o'erſpread;
Confus'd, I ſtopp'd, and left th' inquiring maid:
Lucretia's ſtory on my life had caſt
A black reproach, who yet can live diſgrac'd:
I ſhould, like her, with juſt reſentment preſt,
Have plung'd the fatal dagger to my breaſt.
What ſpecious colours can diſguiſe my ſin,
Or ſtill the reſtleſs monitor within?
Thy greatneſs, *Henry*, but augments my ſhame,
And adds immortal ſcandal to my name;
My odious name, which, as the worſt diſgrace,
The *Cliffords* cancel from their noble race!
To what propitious refuge ſhall I run,
The terrors of a guilty mind to ſhun?
In vain the ſun its morning pride diſplays;
I turn my eyes, and ſicken at its rays:
The ſilver moon, and ſparkling ſtars by night,
Torment me too with their officious light:
The glimmering tapers round my chambers plac'd,
Acroſs the room fantaſtick ſhadows caſt;

Of all my dreams, the melancholy ſcene
Preſents an injur'd, a revengeful queen.
Laſt night, when ſleep my heavy eyes had clos'd,
To all her rage, methought, I ſtood expos'd!
Wild were her looks, a poiſon'd cup ſhe brought!
And proudly offer'd me the fatal draught.
The deſtin'd bowl I took with trembling hands,
Compell'd to execute her fierce commands:
This diſmal omen aggravates my fears,
Before my fancy ſtill the furious queen appears.

FINIS.